

## WOMAN AND THE PUCKERED HAND.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



THE Rev. C. G. Hazard, of Catskill, N. Y., last Sunday preached a sermon on "The Puckered Hand" in which the increasing custom of tipping was vigorously denounced.

So much for Catskill. What would he say if he lived in New York. If around Christmas time, when he was expecting the dumbwaiter of his flat to render up rich largesse of express packages, he were to answer his clanging summons, hover breathlessly above its drafty precipice yearning for the knew not what mysterious present, to receive at last the scrawled ultimatum of butcher or baker boy:

Christmas is coming. Turkeys are fat. Please put a coin

In the order-boy's hat?

Suppose this happened not once but fifty times, till his pocketbook was so depleted that he wondered if it would be worth while for the children to hang their stockings up after all! Suppose it happened all the year round! Then he would know what the tipping system in New York is. But would he bluster? Not a bit of it! He would have no more courage than the rest of us. Of women alone is it ever recorded that they are brave enough to resist the tipping habit in New York, and even we are rapidly succumbing to the custom, regardless as it may be to our frugal instincts.

It must be admitted that in the lower forms of courage required to participate in bloody battles or hand-to-hand encounters with mice or caterpillars men have undoubted pre-eminence. But that sublime exhibition of temerity which consists in being able to look a hotel waiter in the eye without anointing his palm at the same time is confined largely to our gentler and less generous half of creation.

The feminine purse is, perhaps, in no immediate danger of flattening by excessive largesse to the tipped portion of the race. But there are signs that the last bulwark between the family pocketbook and the tippees is vanishing. The workwoman is undoubtedly generous. She tips like the merriest man. We all do it, even while we are ashamed of it. What has become of the old-time heroine capable of handing a waiter the exact face of her bill and then putting on her own wraps under his contemptuous glare?

Like the Indian and the buffalo, who is fast fading to the happy hunting-grounds, where, perhaps, no tips are given or received. But at least we can cherish her dawning numbers in our hearts and honor each feeble voice lifted in protest against the depredator, even while our hands render to a restaurant Caesar that which is not his.

## BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

HERE is a letter that illustrates the strange workings of the feminine conscience:

"I am employed as typewriter by a large firm, and my employer has made me to me, asked me if I loved him and encouraged me up to the highest pitch. He thought that I was making him miserable. I know he is married, and has a charming wife and dear little child. His wife has been most cruelly deceived by him if she knew all. Would you tell her and exonerate myself. In a way, for she blames me!"

To this girl and to every other girl on the verge of a similar pitfall I would say in the name of self-love and self-respect and your own future—Don't.

It is customary in considering such a problem to urge the claims of the woman. But catastrophes of this sort are not the result of calm reflection. They cannot often be reasoned out or reasoned away. If they could they wouldn't happen, and there would be no sin and very little woe in the world.

Love of our neighbor is at best but a cultivated passion. It may be swept away in an emotional swoon. It often is. But self-love is grounded in one's deepest being. And if we consider the damage we must work ourselves we are not likely to do any great harm to others.

To this particular foolish little girl let me say this: Don't do your employer's wife any more harm than you have already. Tell her nothing. Simply look for another position, and hand your resignation to the man who has made you both unhappy.

Throw yourself into your new work and make up your mind resolutely to forget him. Have no communication with him on any plea.

You have been foolish, reckless. But nothing in this world is irremediable. The silly, cruel doctrine that there is harm more women than all their sins since Eve. In your leisure time take up some outdoor occupation. Walk two or three miles every day, try to become interested in some other man whose attentions will not compromise you.

And don't blame the married man in the case too much. You were probably as much at fault as he.

Simply strive earnestly to forget him. Put a long period after him in your life, and start a new, a brighter, cleaner paragraph.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World, Post-Office Box 1354, New York.

### He Is Growing Cool.

Dear Betty:

I AM very fond of a young man. I am nineteen and have never met anyone I've liked so well before. He likes a lot of girls, and has liked a lot more, but for the past year he has been very attentive, sending me candy often and numerous other things. Lately he has not bothered much about me and treats me just about like all the other girls he knows. I am really fond of him, and am puzzled as to how I should act. What do you think about it?

HOPE.

I would not seem to notice his indifference. Be serenely nice to him when he comes, but make no comment on his absences. He will come back.

### He Seems Indifferent.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young girl and in love with a young man. We have gone together for a number of years, but lately he has shown indifference toward me. Kindly advise me what to do.

G. F.

Show indifference toward him and some favor to another.

### She Dines with the Boss.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man twenty-four years old and have been going with a girl I love very much for the past six months, and she tells me she is very much in love with me. A few days ago she took a job with a big firm at Coney Island and her hours are

very long and pay very small. She goes out to dinner with her boss, who is a married man and does not love her like I do. Please let me know if this is right?

A. B. C.

No, it is not right. Tell her you will have to give her up if she continues.

### They Love Two Brothers.

Dear Betty:

WE are two very dear friends, pretty, well formed and attractive. We are in love with two young men, brothers. How can we find out whether they love us as much as we love them? And also how can we meet their mother?

E. AND B.

You will have to wait for the young men to declare their feelings, also to suggest a meeting with their mother.

### She Called on Him.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young lady of twenty-four and like a young man very much. A few times I have called at his house to ask him to take me out. A lady friend of mine said it was not a nice thing to do. Do you think I did wrong? She also said it was wrong of me to meet him on the street.

J. F. R.

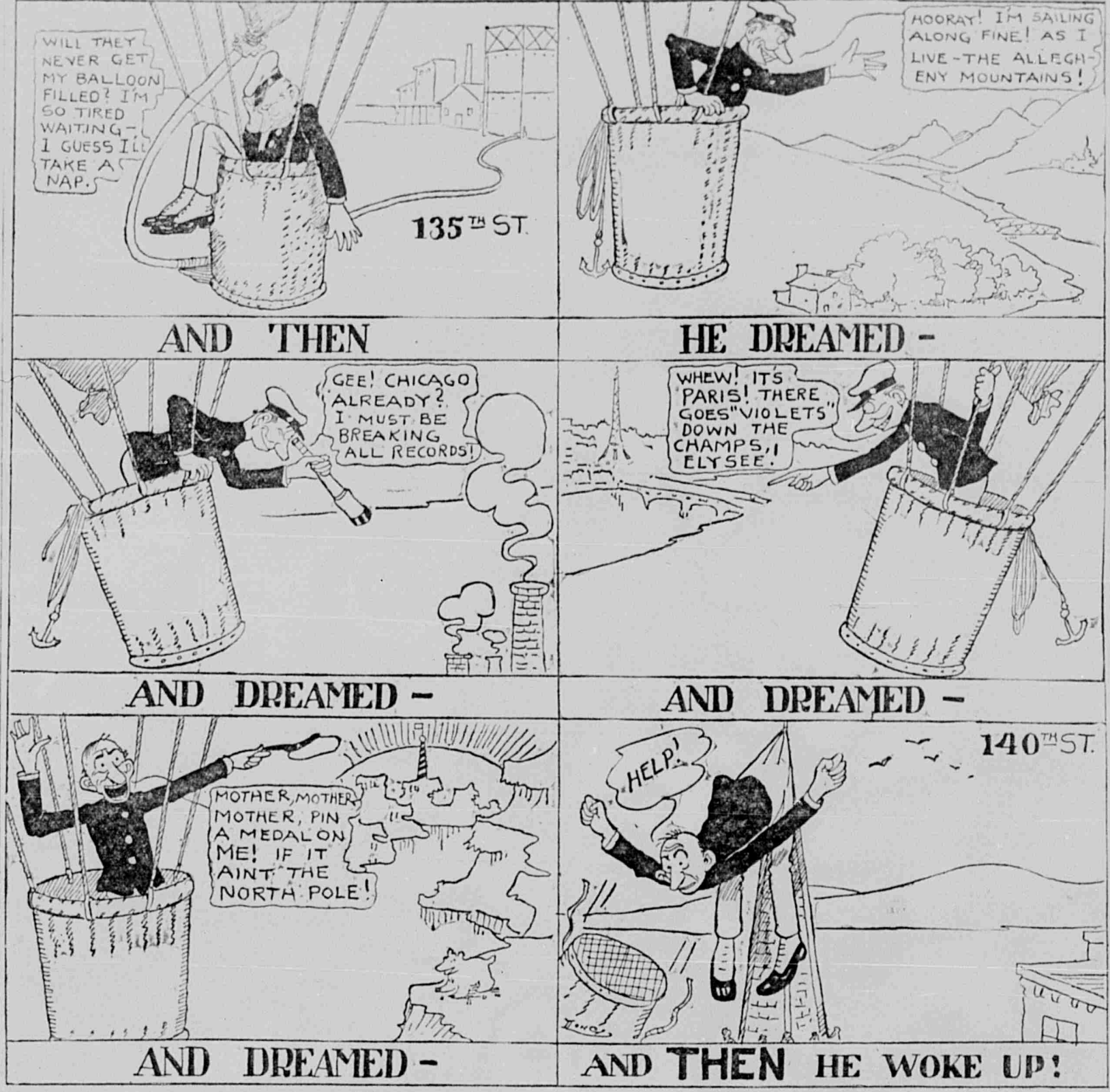
Your friend is altogether right. Take her advice.

### She Won't Believe Him.

Dear Betty:

I AM deeply in love with a young lady of about twenty-three. I have often expressed my love for her, but every time I do so she tells me I am only flattering her. Will you please tell me what I should do, as I want her to know of my love for her. Let me know as soon as possible. R. W.

If I were you, I would try seeming indifferent for a while. Tell her you love her once more, and when she says you are flattering her say: "How you see through men! Nobody can fool you, can they?" That will give her something to think about.



## Snapshots of Adventure.

By Thomas Owen.

IT was during the last campaign of the late President McKinley that a man by the name of Hargden, then in the employ of the United States Secret Service, was sent to Pittsburgh to locate a man who had been sending insulting letters to the President. Hargden had a special faculty for this class of work, and had been very successful in apprehending the culprit in many similar cases of terrorist nature.

The day he arrived in Pittsburgh he met an old friend who had previously been engaged in similar work with him, and they went to lunch together. While at luncheon Hargden asked his friend if he knew what had become of a certain criminal they had both worked to capture, and who had been out of jail for some time.

The friend said the last time he had heard of him he was in the West and was doing well.

Just then a former criminal, now in the employ of a detective agency, came up to the table and told Hargden's friend that a man wanted to see him. He got up and went out. At that minute three men sitting behind him began a furious fight among themselves, and before Hargden could escape he was hit over the head with a water can and cut with a knife.

It had been a put-up job by the man whom Hargden and his friend had been talking about, who, by a strange coincidence, was in Pittsburgh, and in that restaurant with some pals at the time that the two men who had last sent him to jail were.

The other man had been called out because one of the men in the criminal party felt he owed something to Hargden's friend, and the boy was sent to lure him away while they put up their pretended fight in which they hoped to kill Hargden.

Hargden was taken to the hospital, where he lay for several days with not much life in him. Good surgical work brought him around and he became convalescent.

One lazy summer afternoon he was lying in a chair on the porch of the hospital, not far away sat an odd-looking man who was busy writing on a pad extracts from a book. Curiosity prompted Hargden to inquire what the man was so busy writing.

The latter easily fell into conversation and showed Hargden some of the writing he had been doing.

Something about the writing struck him as being familiar and later when he got to thinking that he would soon have to give some help to the man who had been sent on the work he had been unable to do, owing to his hurts, the thought occurred to him that there was a great similarity between the writing of his friend, the convalescent, and the letter addressed to the President.

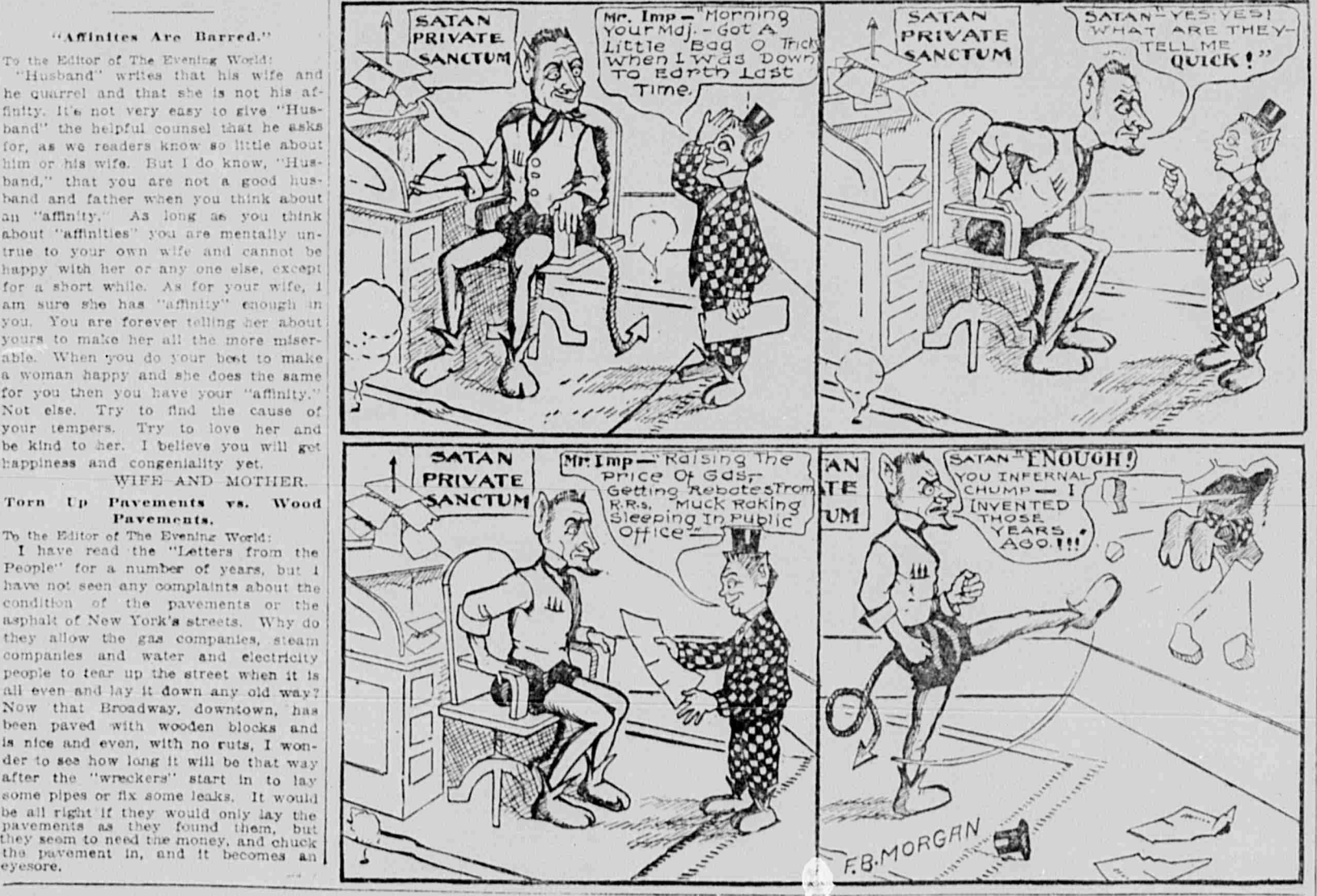
Next day he brought out several envelopes that had been addressed to the President, which had been given to him for reference, and when he was again on the porch compared the handwriting with that of his friend—the convalescent, they were identical.

In a later conversation the man said the very things about the President that had been written in the letters.

He was the man that was wanted and was later sent to an insane asylum. He had been in the hospital convalescing from an accident that occurred to him when he had fallen in a fit.

Hargden was given a long vacation in the South, where he purchased a small strawberry farm and left the service. He was in New York yesterday buying supplies for his farm.

## HIS MAJESTY'S OWN : : By F. B. Morgan.



## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

**Oatmeal Bread.**  
ONE cup rolled oats, one tablespoon lard, one dessertspoon salt. Pour two cups boiling water on above ingredients. When cool add half a cup of warm water in which is dissolved half a yeast cake, one-half cup of molasses, one-quarter teaspoon saleratus, stirred in molasses, and a good quart of white flour. Let rise and bake like other bread. Makes two loaves.

**Rice with Dates.**  
COOK a cup of rice in a double boiler with a pint of milk and a pint of water until soft. Sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla. Use enough tender to make a cupful and stew until tender with a quarter cup of sugar and 1 cup of water. Set aside until cold, then turn the rice in the center of a dish and pour the dates around it. This makes a pleasing dessert served with cream or milk and sugar.

**Peach Pudding.**  
HEAT 1 quart of peaches if unpeeled, boil them till soft, others, wash them in the dish in which you desire to make your pudding; put aside 2 tablespoons of the peach liquor. Then make a common cake, as follows: One cup of sugar, 1-3 cup butter, 1 egg, 2-3 cup of milk, 1-2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder. Pour the cake into the

**Popovers.**  
TWO eggs, beaten thoroughly, one tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt, butter size of a walnut, 2 teaspoons sweet milk, 2 teaspoons sifted flour, heated a little, bake in hot gem pans, filled half full, for 20 minutes, and serve immediately. It is a good idea to keep your egg-beater in the water until you have all the ingredients in. Give it a good, thorough beating just before putting in the gem pans.

## THE SERMONS OF A SINNER.

By Roy L. McCardell.  
Text: Old Loves and New.



HALF the troubles we have in life come from the fact that we take foolish things too seriously—love affairs especially.

Now that we are in the midst of the mating season that ends in June weddings, and these that were minded to be matched but missed begin all over again, it is fit that we should review Love, the ruling passion strong in life—take stock of love affairs in hand and see just how we stand.

To the serious-minded man or maid, to those whose sober thoughts are set on taking the matter to the court of first resort and putting it up to the preacher, this sermon is not directed.

We could not sermonize sense into the heads of those whose minds are on matrimony, who are reading the advertisements of the installment-plan houses with the eager joy the realization brings that the home-nest can be furnished throughout for a dollar down and a dollar a week.

This sermon is for those who flirt and frivol.

Let those who only trifle heed these lines.

You are not serious, and yet you keep on with a love affair that has grown tiresome, for no other reason save vanity or, perhaps, the force of habit.

For vanity or pride we continue to hug our chains—and the party of the second part, perhaps—and maintain the delusion that we are happy.

It may be that the golden chains seem leaden now, and yet how can we exist without some one to love or love us?

It is self-evident that there is a crying need for some sort of an exchange or clearing house for love affairs, a lovers' trading mart, a heart-throb bazaar to aid us in being off with the old love and on with the new.

Carnegie has such a pronounced antipathy for kissing that it would be idle to ask him to endow a junk shop for second-hand love affairs or an old curiosity shop of cast-off courtships.

Somebody should do something.

The love affair of which we tire was a new love once and had all the charm of novelty. Think you that this old love of ours would not be new to another?

Of course it would.

And some one else's old love affair would be a new one for you!

All that is needed is a fair understanding and a Lovers' Exchange, and we could have a new love affair made-over out of another person's old one whenever we desired.

An indemnity bond against breach of promise suits would be furnished by the Sweethearts' Exchange; then we would be protected against persons who became plucked because passed up and might desire to drag us into legal difficulties in consequence.

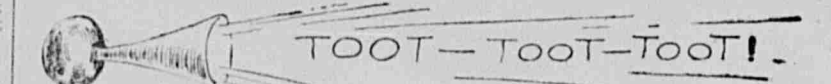
Now, in the silly season, when all sorts of puerile propositions are pressed, we advance this one to a second reading for all it is worth.

The fact that it isn't worth much being admitted.

## CHUG CHUG LYRICS BY BARNES

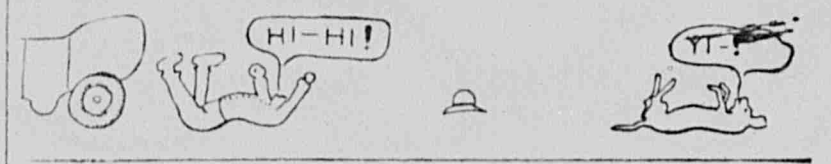
Developing a Chauffeur.

WHEN Scorchers car was in. He used to take it out. And in the busy streets He'd gallop run about. If dogs were in the way, Or men refused to scoot, Then Scorchers squeezed the bulb And made a



TOOT—TOOT—TOOT!

But tooting all the time. Became a dreadful bore. And Scorchers soon forgot To do it any more. However, you would know, When he was passing by, For you had but to pause And hear the



## May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Fancy Blouse Waist—Pattern No. 5370.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

### Hair Is Too Thin.

There is no way to make the hair thicker, but to cultivate it as you would anything else that is lacking. Look after your general health and at the same time consult a scalp masseuse. While you do this try the tonic I give you. Aromatic vinegar, 4 drams; glycerine, 2 drams; tincture of castile, 2 drams; rose water, 6 drams. Use every night, rubbing it well into the scalp with a small sponge.

### To Reduce Waist.

Do you can reduce your waist measure by simply holding your chest in its proper position and taking deep breaths. This will increase

### For Dyspepsia.

For dyspepsia try a spoonful of pineapple juice every morning with your meal and at dinner also. It is a corrective in some cases.

### Styes on Her Eyes.

Styes are sometimes caused by impoverished condition of the blood, and then a tonic of some sort is advisable. Again they may be due to lack of glasses. They may be treated as any little boil would be under the circumstances. This formula is advised and may be helpful: Bathe the eye with elder flower water. Avoid late hours, and do not allow the eyes to get fatigued. Dr. Moins recommends a mixture of Dr. Vaseline's cream, white precipitate, 10 centigrams; oil of birch, 10 centigrams. He also directs bathing the eyes right and morning with plain water, in which a little carbonate of soda is dissolved.